

and Capsules came to be known and smiled at all over town.

The dog proved to be well-bred—for dogs, like children, exemplify the manners of their home life. He ate very daintily, and when preparing to go to bed at night always rolled one corner of his rug into a pillow, upon which he rested his head with evident satisfaction when curling down for a night's rest.

At first he seemed to miss his little master greatly, but, won by kindness, soon devoted himself to each member of the family, and finally set himself to gain the friendship of Tablets. When his own meal was placed before him he used to try, in various ways, to persuade her to join him. It was quite evident that sometime in his life he had been on very friendly terms with a cat. The family recognized this, and placed the two dishes of food side by side, where, in due time, Capsules's long tail waved kindly and Tablets's soft purring could be heard, as the two enjoyed their meals in company.

Later on Tablets grew vainglorious, and insisted that her giant companion should wait until she had finished before he could approach his own dish. This was doubtless owing to the fact that she had just presented the family with one small kitten—the exact image of its mother. As a consequence she permitted herself to take on airs, flew at Capsules like a small vixen, if he approached, and compelled him to remain at a respectful distance while her ladyship ate her own meals with dignified ease.

Capsules didn't seem to mind at first, but accepted it as an exhibition of a passing mood, until it became evident that a rule of etiquette was in process of establishment. Then he went calmly to the stable and returned with the kitten in his mouth, set it down between them as 'hostage', and plunged his nose into his own dish.

Tablets, wild with anxiety, licked the little thing all over, to assure herself that it was unhurt, then took it very gently in her own mouth and carried it back to its little bed. In this way Capsules brought reason into the pride of Tablets. If at any time thereafter she asserted herself with undue and unfeminine aggressiveness he was sure to appear upon the scene with the kitten in his mouth.

After having regulated the matters of his own household Capsules turned his attention to a neighboring stable, where, owing to an unthinking family, a brutal coachman often kept a small fox terrier chained in the kennel for long periods. At their first meeting, when the big dog was a stranger in a strange land, the little one had greeted him cordially; hence it was only natural courtesy that when the complaints of the terrier arose Capsules should turn a sympathetic ear in that direction.

He often went over to sit for an hour close to the door of the kennel and help the little captive to forget his captivity. What they talked about no one knew; but the big heart became very tender toward the little one.

He seemed to study the case, for he smelled the length of chain repeatedly, and finding no weak spot, set himself to investigate the collar. It was not long before he learned to draw the tongue of leather through the buckle, and so liberate the ter-

rier. When this had been accomplished Capsules used to take his small and active friend into his own yard and watch him, so that the mischief of which the brutal coachman complained was not committed.

The doctor laughed one of his biggest, noisiest laughs after witnessing this feat of Capsules. "That's right, old fellow!" he cried. "Plenty of exercise and fresh air for dogs as well as people!"

A Valentine Oversea

It was only a square of paper lace
Where roses and hearts entwine,
And beneath them a loving word or two:
Only a valentine.

A frivolous thing, in an envelope
All covered with cooling doves,
Forget-me-nots, and hearts, and darts,
And little ecstatic loves.

'Twas sent by a girl who kissed it once
As she stood in the whirling snow,
Where the lights from the corner store through
the storm
Sent out a hazy glow.

But your Uncle Samuel must have guessed,
No matter what else might wait,
That letter must go, posthaste, posthaste!
From here to the Golden Gate.

For across the river and over the hills
And the prairies on it flew;
It dodged a wreck, and it entered storms,
And once 'twas the last train through!

Then forth it put to the Western sea,
Where the speeding waves upcurled;
And the Cupids and love-birds sailed away
To the other side of the world.

O wonderful scrap of paper lace!
It went to a hospital bed
Where a homesick soldier tossed and turned
And would not be comforted;

And somehow the soldier felt that day
Soft arms, whose pressure he knew,
And home and love and health and hope
Thrilled him through and through.

And he felt new love for our Uncle Sam,
Who had lent his trains and men
And ships that, the whole wide world apart,
Two hearts might meet again. —Life.

The Inspiration of Lincoln's First Thanksgiving Proclamation

By Hezekiah Butterworth

I

"Abraham!" called a voice, scarcely audible. The speaker lay on her humble cot, dying. The young wife of a pioneer backwoodsman, she was sacrificing her life to its fortitude. The pioneer's "shuck" was without windows, and its doors stood open to the sunlight, which danced on the floor of trampled earth. It contained a few stools made of roughly hewn boards, but no chairs; a few dishes, but no cupboard.

Without, the restless wings of the wood-birds glimmered as they fluttered through the sun-flooded trees. A boy, almost destitute of clothing, who had been watching them, answered his mother's call.

"What is it?" he asked, in a troubled voice, as he hastened to her side.

She drew him into the loving folds of her feeble arms, and said, in a voice weak and tremulous, yet still thrilling with a mother's love and hope: "I am going to leave you, Abe—and—O, how hard it is to part with you! How beautiful it is outdoors! It is beautiful wherever God is, and I am going to meet Him in a brighter world than this. I learned to love Him at the old camp meetings, and I want you to learn to love Him, too.

"I have not had much to make me hap-

py," she continued, still more slowly, and with a heavy sigh. "I have not had a great deal to make me happy—far less than some folks have had—but my voice has never failed to rise in praise whenever a feeling of thanksgiving has come to me.

"Abraham Lincoln, you have my heart. I am thankful God gave you to us. Love everybody, hinder nobody, and the world will be glad; some day, that you were born. This is a beautiful world, to the loving and believing. I am grateful for life, for everything, but, more than all else, because you have my heart."

"But he can't sing, Nancy!"

A tall pioneer in buckskin stood in the cabin doorway. He saw death's shadow in the sunlight that fell on the floor. He had added a ripple of laughter to his words, for he wanted to cheer his wife, even though she was passing from him.

The woman was silent. Thomas Lincoln approached his wife's deathbed. Then he repeated his words, still more kindly, "But he can't sing like you, Nancy."

"The heart sings in many ways," she replied, very feebly. "Some hearts make other hearts sing. Abraham may not have my voice, but he has my heart, and he may make others sing. I am going now."

The cool October wind rustled among the great trees, causing their leaves to ripple like the waves of the sea, wimpling and dimpling under the whispering wind. The woman turned her head toward the split logs that formed one of the walls of the cabin. Nervously her fingers twitched the coverlet; once she opened her eyes; once she said, softly, O, so softly, "My Abraham!" Once she tried to lift herself to see him; once—she trembled—and then lay still.

"She's gone, Abr'am!"

The father and son made her coffin with their own hands, and buried her under the trees. Poor little Abraham could say nothing. He had been used to hardships, but this seemed more than he could endure. Something seemed to be choking him. He tried to look into his father's face for sympathy, but his tear-dimmed eyes only found it in the newly made grave.

It was a rude grave when it was finished, but since then the people of Indiana have honored the memory of its occupant. A monument lifts its marble whiteness toward the sky, and pilgrims kneel at its base, with prayers of thanksgiving. But long before this, long before her motherhood became sacred to the great nation, a ragged, hatless boy sat on the grass-green mound and dreamed, and listened in memory to the songs she had sung.

II

The battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and on July 4, 1863, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, issued a proclamation to the people which contained these memorable words, "The President especially desires that, on this day, He whose will, not ours, should evermore be done, be everywhere remembered and revered with profoundest gratitude."

The heart of his mother had inspired him once more.

Great crowds serenaded him at the White House. Shouting multitudes swarmed over the green slopes, Old Glory rippled in the breeze, and, afar, the cannon of victory shook the magnolia-covered hills.

Lincoln looked out upon the sea of humanity. His face was dark with sorrow and wrinkled with care. Slowly it beamed with the light of love and the warmth of human-kindness. He began to speak. The multitude ceased cheering.

"I sincerely thank God for the occasion of this call."

None but he heard in the words the tones of that mother who was looking on him from the home of the angels. It was the same tone that had been heard so often in the shuck cabin beneath the flaming maples.

III

One day, while seated in his private office in Washington, the past moved, panorama-like, before him. He saw the wigwam of his father, the far-stretching prairie, the oaks, the pines, and the maples that surrounded his boyhood's home, the cot whereon his mother died. He could hear her dying words anew. In the long-remembered tones of boyhood and youth that had come to him like the echoes of the recurrent minors of an anthem sent heavenward; like soft, sweet notes of peace trembling through the throbs of a mighty song of triumph, increasing its grandeur by contrast, they came to him with the soul-compelling force of a mother's benediction.

Then he saw life. He saw the nation's life in his own. He heard the name of Lincoln ringing everywhere. His mother's heart seemed to have gone into the hearts of the people, and the notes were notes of praise.

He must issue a Thanksgiving proclamation. It was imperative, for the war had already ushered in the dawn of emancipation. It was issued on Oct. 3, in Gettysburg's memorable year, just about the anniversary of his mother's death. It gave new life to the old American custom that has set aside the last Thursday in November as a respite in toil for a nation's gratitude to be expressed.

His mother's heart beat in unison with his when he wrote that proclamation, and his heart was the heart of the people.—[Success.]

Lincoln and Douglas

Judge Lawrence Weldon, of Bloomington, Ill., Associate Judge of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, was a personal friend and legal colleague of Abraham Lincoln in the early fifties. Judge Weldon occasionally grows reminiscent of the interesting old times and relates some good stories of Lincoln's life and his gift of repartee. He recently related a few incidents that have not been given to the public print before:

"In 1854 the Eighth Circuit, David Davis, judge, was composed of eight counties, commencing at Tazewell on the west and ending at Vermillion on the east, Sangamon on the south and Woodford on the north," said Judge Weldon. "The means of conveyance for the itinerant lawyer was confined mostly to horseback, it being almost impossible to go to the different county seats by buggy or carriage. Abraham Lincoln, John A. Logan, and Major Stewart were the leading lawyers at Springfield at the time and traveled the circuit. Mr. Lincoln was the only lawyer of the many in the circuit who went to all the counties in the district. Ho

was the invariable accompaniment of the judge in traveling over the extended judicial territory. He had a horse and buggy, which he used when the roads would permit, and when they would not he went on horseback. His buggy was of the most primitive kind, with wooden axletrees, without top or cushions. The horse became historical, having survived Mr. Lincoln, and was led in the funeral procession when the martyred President was buried at Springfield."

Judge Stephen A. Douglas had been a circuit rider in some of the counties of the Eighth District, but, having been elected to Congress, had retired from active practice. Traditions were rife as to the contests between Lincoln and Douglas at the bar of several of the counties. It was of a debate between the two statesmen that Judge Weldon tells the following:

"I first met Mr. Lincoln in September, 1854, in Bloomington, at the Clouds House, the leading 'tavern'—as all hotels were then designated—of the little city. It was on the occasion of Judge Douglas's making a speech in defense of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which, in the preceding May, had repealed what was popularly known as the Missouri Compromise. The judge at that day was the most distinguished statesman in the United States, and his presence in any place created a greater sensation than any other American then living.

"Mr. Lincoln was then without reputation or notoriety except in the State of Illinois, where he had been an antagonist of Judge Douglas since 1840.

"The meeting was held about the middle of September, when court was in session, and the presence of Douglas drew an immense crowd from different counties of the State, and his room at the tavern was filled with his political and personal friends and admirers.

"Jesse W. Fell, a political and personal friend of Lincoln, called at Douglas's room and asked that a joint discussion might be arranged between the two statesmen. Douglas petulantly inquired as to who Lincoln was and to what party he belonged. Mr. Fell said, 'He is a Whig, of course.'

"Douglas answered tersely: 'No, not of course; there are so many political parties in the country now that you cannot tell to which some men belong. I find on coming to Illinois a peculiar condition of politics: in the north I am assailed by an Abolitionist, in the center I am attacked by an old-time Whig, in the south I presume I will be subjected to the criticism of an anti-Nebraska Democrat. They are all acting independent of each other and I cannot hold any one of them responsible for what the others say, and it looks to me like dogging a man all over the State. The people today have come to hear me, and if Mr. Lincoln wants to make a speech he had better get his own crowd. I decline to have a joint discussion.'

"Shortly after his declination to debate Mr. Lincoln called upon Douglas in his room, and the two had a pleasant chat over old times in the circuit and the progress of the State and its development. Mr. Lincoln had consented to enter into a discussion with Douglas at the earnest importunities of his friends, without having any agency in the origin of the proposition.

"In those days, as now, the headquarters

of the committee and the room of the champion were always abundantly supplied in whatever one wanted to drink. After Lincoln had been in the room a short time Douglas proposed that they take a drink, which Lincoln courteously declined.

"Douglas jokingly said, 'Why, do you belong to the temperance society?' to which Lincoln seriously replied: 'No, I don't belong to any temperance society, but I am temperate in this, to wit, I do not drink anything.'"

The judge somewhat fondly recalls his next meeting with the two eminent men, which was at the historical old Pike House in Bloomington, shortly after the marriage of Judge Douglas. The honeymoon trip was a trip to Europe, something of a journey in those days. It was Douglas's first trip to Illinois after the bridal tour, and he took great delight in introducing his wife to his friends, and especially to Abraham Lincoln. Judge Weldon was invited to sit at table with Douglas and his wife, Lincoln, and a few other friends. Mrs. Douglas was particularly gracious to Mr. Lincoln, and in telling him of her trip abroad she asked him if he had ever been to Europe. Lincoln calmly replied that he had not. After some little time Mrs. Douglas asked him if he had ever been to some other country (mentioning it), and the reply was characteristic of Lincoln:

"Madam, not to be abrupt, but to cut the matter short, the truth about it is, I have never been anywhere."

This was about a year before the memorable contest of 1858, in which Mr. Lincoln, in consequence of his antagonism to Judge Douglas, became known the length and breadth of the whole country. Lincoln continued to practice until March, 1860, when he retired to attend to the preliminaries to his being a candidate for the Presidency.—[The Chicago Tribune.]

Abraham Lincoln

Safe in Fame's gallery through all the years
Our dearest picture hangs, your steadfast face,
Whose eyes hold all the pathos of the race
Redeemed by you from servitude's sad tears.

And how redeemed? With agony of grief;
With ceaseless labor in war's lurid light;
With such deep anguish in each lonely night,
Your soul sweat very blood ere came relief.

What crown have you who bore that cross below?

O faithful one, what is your life above?
Is there a higher gift in God's pure love
Than to have lived on earth as Man of Woe?

—[Mary Livingston Burdick.]

Lincoln and the Little Boy

Abraham Lincoln was a compassionate man. One morning Governor Rice and Senator Wilson entered the President's private office. With them slipped in a lad who had been waiting a long time for admission. The President briefly saluted the two men, and then, turning to the lad, said kindly: "And who is this little boy?" The child told him that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House. Mr. Lincoln replied that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the House at the Capitol. "But, sir," said the lad, "I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and from my Sunday school superintendent and my teacher." The President took the lad's papers, ran his eye over them, and then wrote upon the back of one of them: